

Amusements Co-Night.

Amusements	Page	Col.	Page	Col.
Academy of Music—2 and 3— <i>"The Merry Widow"</i>	10	1	10	1
Grand Opera House—2 and 3— <i>"The Merry Widow"</i>	10	1	10	1
Madison Square Garden—2 and 3— <i>"The Merry Widow"</i>	10	1	10	1
Metropolitan Opera House—2 and 3— <i>"The Merry Widow"</i>	10	1	10	1
New York Theatre—2 and 3— <i>"The Merry Widow"</i>	10	1	10	1
St. James Theatre—2 and 3— <i>"The Merry Widow"</i>	10	1	10	1
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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 29.

TEN PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

FOREIGN.—The Duke of Albany died at Cannes yesterday. An unconfirmed rumor of the fall of Khartoum was received in London. Sixty men were sent to the Sudan. The German newspapers declare that Mr. Sargent will retire from the diplomatic service. Congress.—The debate on the Education bill was continued in the Senate. A bill was introduced making the payment of Georgia's Revolutionary claim mandatory. In the House an adverse report was presented as to the McGarragh claim. Twenty-two pension bills were passed. DOMESTIC.—The Western Union's application for an injunction against the National and Baltimore and Ohio Telegraph companies was denied yesterday. Argument was had in the cases of certain New-York banks against the receiver of the Mechanics' Bank of New York. Fancy pigeons valued at \$5,000 perished in a Boston fire yesterday. Chairman Morrison is undecided when he will call up his tariff bill. A letter from John Bright on the American civil war has been received in Providence. John A. Smyth defeated Congressman Draper in an Albany County Assembly District Convention yesterday. The Merrimack River is higher than for the last thirty years. CITY AND SUBURBAN.—Barth's sacred elephant arrived safely yesterday and was taken to the Madison Square Garden. Richard A. Cunningham testified in the Public Works investigation regarding the repair of sewers. Mrs. Vandeventer Allen made an affidavit denying her husband's statements. Jersey City Republicans nominated Gilbert Collins for Mayor. John J. Cisco's will was filed. The Eden Music was opened. Whiskey men spoke of seeking storage in Bermuda. Failures in the tea trade excited the Importers and Grocers' Exchange. Talks were had with Rapid Transit Commissioners about the resignation of two of their number. Deacon Foster talked of the faithfulness of the Rancey party. General Lloyd Aspinwall broke his leg on Thursday night. Gold value of the legal tender silver dollar (412½ grains), 84.55 cents. Stocks were inactive, at small advances in prices, and closed without feature.

THE WEATHER.—Tribune local observations indicate cloudy weather, with rain, followed by colder and fair or clear weather. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 62°; lowest, 41°; average, 61¼°.

Mr. John Bright has written a cordial letter to the managers of a Friends' school at Providence, R. I., thanking them for a compliment they are about to pay him. All Americans will read with pleasure the kind expressions of regard for this country which it contains. The great statesman's efforts to show the English Nation that in the War of the Rebellion the North had right and justice on her side will never be forgotten; but our appreciation of his friendship and services grows keener when memories are stirred as this letter stirs them.

The liberal extracts given on the second page of this issue from Mr. Blaine's forthcoming volume relate to the beginnings of the political movement that culminated in the Republican party; and will have a special relief for New-Yorkers, since they deal with the later career of President Van Buren. Whatever Mr. Blaine says or writes has at least one unimpaired quality that commends it to newspaper readers:—It is always interesting. His familiarity with American history is probably unequalled by that of any of his political contemporaries; and the present chapter, like everything else from his book that has yet seen the light, serves to show also the generous and appreciative spirit in which he writes.

of mind. It will be noted also that Mr. Randall does not seem in a hurry to bring forward his appropriation bills. Probably he, too, is waiting till he gets ready. It would be a curious coincidence if he and Mr. Morrison both got ready at the same time. The tariff measure would be at a disadvantage then and might be crowded to the wall by discussions about appropriations. Mr. Morrison would probably feel worse than Mr. Randall over such a situation.

The wire-fence question has at length got into Congress and promises to cause no little discussion. Ten years ago the great herds of the West roamed from one part of the plains to another without obstruction or trouble. But since the use of wire for fencing has been introduced all this has changed. Vast tracts of land, many miles in extent, in the West and Southwest, have been shut in by barbed wire. When the ranchmen fenced in land they owned, it made trouble enough. But since they have taken to encroaching on the land owned by the Government, the situation has become more serious. Persons wishing to settle on Government lands have found them already shut in, and often have been prevented by threats of violence from taking possession of their new homes. The abuse finally has assumed such proportions that not only the new settler but the United States Government suffers from it. Senator Van Wyck's resolution directing an inquiry into the case, therefore, is timely. He wants to know if the Department of the Interior considers the law of 1807 still in force. If it is, the President has the power to direct United States marshals to take military assistance, if that is necessary, to remove obstructions from Government lands.

The men on whom Commissioner Thompson has showered favors, in the way of \$999 orders, apparently have a great aversion to such ordinary business records as might show the details of their transactions with the city. John Barry kept no books, and used no checks when dealing with the city—only bank bills—and his memory was so bad that he could remember nothing. McDonald kept no books of any kind, and rather than tell what he did remember he preferred to languish in prison. For its lack of records the Public Works Department attempted to make up by manufacturing a scrap book. And now Mr. Cunningham, who has been paid \$75,000 a year on orders, testifies that his pay rolls are destroyed at the end of each week. That money is nearly all paid to him for labor, at so much an hour for each man and each cart. He has no books, however, that will show how many men he employed at any time on city work. That is all the more significant, because under Mr. Thompson the city has no means of knowing whether or not Mr. Cunningham's bills are correct. One man only keeps account for the city of the work done under Cunningham's orders. But his men are at work in various parts of the city from the Battery to Harlem, at the same time. Many of his orders do not state where the work under them is to be done or the price. His business records are so uncertain apparently that after testifying yesterday that his profit on city work was twenty-four per cent, he reconsidered the matter, and two hours later said that it was only fifteen per cent. Any person who will read the testimony taken yesterday cannot fail to be convinced that there is something rotten in the Public Works Department.

END OF THE INDIAN AS AN INDIAN.

The Senate has passed the bill to give the Indians lands in severalty, which once before passed that body unanimously. It is hoped that the bill will be, as Senator Davies expressed it, "the beginning of the end of the Indian as an Indian." It provides for the allotment of lands to Indians in severalty, the purchase of the remaining parts of their reservations by the Government through the Secretary of the Interior, and the subjection of the Indians to the civil and criminal law of the community in which they live. This will be of vast benefit to the Indians by tending to break up the tribal organizations, putting the Indians on the road to independence, and making them responsible to law at the same time that they receive its protection. It will diminish the size of the large reservations, for which the tribes have no use, and of which they are certain to be deprived, if not by some equitable process like this, then by the forcible invasion of whites. One estimate says it will add 100,000,000 acres to the public domain, and so open them to settlement. These are the first steps toward making the Indian a citizen. It is a point of great interest to observe that measures like these, including that of conferring the ballot upon him, are urged by the men who are often called upon to fight the Indians as well as by those who take what might be called the sentimental view of the question. Colonel Dodge, whose book on the Indians was the result of thirty years' intercourse with them, strongly advocates lands in severalty and citizenship. General Crook, the brilliant Indian fighter, takes the same ground, and takes it strongly. General Crook's last annual report, made some months ago, which has not attracted all the attention it deserved, was an epitome of the desire of the Indians to own land is of value just now.

Recently it has been the general wish of all the tribes among whom I have been to have their land in severalty. They have often been legislated or tricked out of their reservations, that they fear the same thing may again occur should their land be covered by white settlers. As showing the strength of this desire to own his own land individually, I have been reliably informed that Pedro, the chief of the White Mountain Apaches, has tendered taxes on the land he occupies, thinking that in this way a tax receipt might give him some title in law. Contrary to what may be the general impression, there is no people who have stronger affection for children than the Indians, and the thought that troubles the Indian most is what is to become of his family when he dies. The main reason for the tribal relation of Indians is that they wish to be buried near their relatives. Give the Indian a patent for his land, under such conditions preventing alienation as may be deemed advisable, and let him feel that it is his own, and cannot be taken from him. He then becomes not only conservative, for he has property to lose by misconduct, but, when he surrounds himself by pigs and cows, etc., he finds that he has all the inducements to be a law-abiding citizen, and he is independent, and free. His family is provided for in the event of his death, and there is no further need of the tribal organization. It will then in my judgment disappear, and not until then.

General Crook argued strongly for the ballot. So soon as the Indian gets his land in severalty he should have the ballot. Nothing can be of greater value in the settlement of the Indian question than a community of interests between the Indian and the white settler. He can then realize that he is independent, and free. His family is provided for in the event of his death, and there is no further need of the tribal organization. It will then in my judgment disappear, and not until then.

considerate dealing with the Indian question which were not involved at all a few years ago. General Crook says truly: "From my experience of late years, I can state unhesitatingly that 'since the Indians have learned the strength and power of our people, in almost every Indian war which I have known anything about, the prime cause thereof has been either the failure of our Government to make good its pledges, or the wrongs perpetrated upon them by unscrupulous whites.' Concerning the latter, he says: 'Public sentiment in frontier communities does not consider the malicious killing of an Indian, murder, nor the most unblushing plundering, theft. I have no knowledge of a case on record where a white man has been convicted and punished for defrauding an Indian.'"

We advise every member of the House of Representatives to read General Crook's report before voting on the Severalty bill.

WHISKEY DISCORD.

The defeat of the Whiskey Extension bill makes some change in the political situation. It was not quite without reason that a Democratic member said of those Democrats who voted to kill the bill, "These men want to come back. Their vote on the Whiskey bill has hurt them." There is this truth in the remark; a body of men who are influential in the Democratic party, and who have turned the scale in favor of that party in several great States, were passionately anxious to have this measure of relief adopted without delay. In consideration of their valuable aid in Ohio and elsewhere, some Democratic leaders who supposed they could speak for the party had promised that the payment of tax on a vast quantity of whiskey held should be deferred, and that the tax on future production should be removed.

Then came in the tariff controversy. Democrats who want a great reduction of duties see that they are sure to be defeated, if the revenue from whiskey is first cut off. Democrats who are anxious to prevent revision of the tariff hope to avoid it, without breaking completely from their party, by means of the repeal of the whiskey tax. But the Morrison Democrats, being bound to do something for the whiskey interest, and finding that interest determined to defeat tariff revision unless first relieved from pressing burdens, sought to appease it by postponing payment of the tax on whiskey. The Randall Democrats insist on the repeal of the tax. The Republicans almost unanimously oppose both, holding that the whiskey interest ought to pay a good share of the expenses of the Government, and that the alliance between the Democracy and the whiskey interest merits to favor them.

Thus we have three parties on the whiskey question. The Republican position is clear and just, and a large majority of the people will sustain it. The position of Mr. Randall and his followers is intelligible, logical, and in honorable agreement with Democratic pledges. But the Morrison Democrats, as usual, are trying to trick some body. They either mean to repeal the tax on whiskey in the end, according to Democratic promises, or they do not. If they do, they are trying to deceive the people by deferring that step until after the Presidential election. If they do not, they have been trying to deceive the whiskey interest by a show of effort to give temporary relief from taxation, when they knew that the postponement ought not to pass, that it was inconsistent with the scheme of tariff reduction, and that in all probability it would be beaten either by Randall Democrats in the House or by Republicans in the Senate. To suppose that the Morrison whiskey taxes now due, and also to repeal the tax after the Presidential election, is to suppose that it meant to leave the Government without adequate revenue to meet its obligations. For the proposed reduction of tariff and the partial repeal of the tax on tobacco, and the eventual repeal of the tax on whiskey, would end in repudiation of solemn pledges of the Government.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN'S SON.

The Queen's youngest son ought to have been warned by some Scottish cure against choosing an unlucky title. Too often the Dukes of Albany have either been brought to a violent end, being strangled in the cradle, poisoned in youth, or in early manhood killed in battle, beheaded or exiled, or they have suffered from wasting diseases and died prematurely. Prince Leopold's fate proves it is no exception to the sinister associations of the title. He has died suddenly, almost without warning, in the flush of manhood, drawing his last feeble breath away from England and apart from his young wife and his Royal mother—alone among strangers. Death has been a rare visitor in the Queen's household, but whenever the grim specter has appeared, his coming has been unheralded and unexpected. When the great bell of St. Paul's tolled for the Prince Consort one December night in 1861, London had not learned that his life was in danger, and even in Windsor Palace the Queen was shocked by the suddenness of her loss. The Princess Alice died in like manner of a disease contracted while she was nursing her sick children. The Duke of Albany's death is even more sudden, and the Queen, whose favorite son he has always been, has been profoundly affected by it. In physical features, mental traits and refinement of manners he closely resembled his father, and from infancy his delicacy of health had made him the object of tender solicitude. On this account the Queen will feel his loss most deeply and the effect of the startling announcement upon her shattered nerves will cause apprehension throughout England.

Prince Leopold did not receive the ordinary education of men of his rank. He was trained neither for war nor diplomacy, but was allowed to follow his studious inclinations and to court the muses in the classic quadrangles of Oxford. How Machiavelli would have scoffed at the idea of educating a prince for a life of inglorious inaction and desultory dilettantism instead of indoctrinating him in the arts, caprices and intrigues of despotic government! Prince Leopold is said to have remarked jeocosely that if England should ever become a republic, he would lose no time in earning an honest living either as a music teacher or as a tutor in the classics. He was anxious at one time to take orders in the English Church, but his mother overruled his wishes. Having once asserted his

authority with considerable emphasis, she allowed him to pursue his literary recreations in luxurious ease, and encouraged him to become the special patron of the liberal arts. His addresses on academic occasions, when the corner-stone of a new literary institution was to be laid, often possessed the rare merit of originality. His intellectual attainments and courteous manners made him popular with the literary classes and his taste in house-decoration and art gave him authority in the fashionable world. A year ago he had political aspirations and hoped to succeed the Marquis of Lorne at Ottawa, but under the restraints of the Prime Minister's judgment he was forced to remain in the literary circle which he had marked out for himself. His virtues and gentle qualities have endeared him to the Queen's loyal subjects and his death will be generally lamented in England.

A FAIR HUNT FOR A PLATFORM.

The chief purpose subserved by the Democratic party to-day is a demonstration of the fact that whatever progress the country is making it owes to the Republican party. The Democracy is just now busy discussing candidates for the Presidency, but when it comes to platforms to put them on a dreadful view is apparent. The Democratic difficulty in regard to a platform is largely due to the fact that for several years it has been desperately trying to avoid the creation of a record for itself; its former record having been so disastrous that it has grown to be nervously afraid of the very name. When, in 1864, 1868, and 1872, it tried the experiment of taking direct issue with the Republicans it was beaten so badly that it concluded thereafter to change its tactics, and in the ensuing contest it tried to take the wind out of its opponent's sails. It discarded all its distinctive issues but the tariff; and when it was compelled to decide whether it would make an old-fashioned fight upon that, the remembrance of its recent experience with "square" fights overcame it and it merely straddled the fence. Since the party obtained control of the House of Representatives it has been struggling to avoid commitment upon all important questions. It has shown that it dare not touch any question which involves decided public opinion. It is mortally afraid even of so simple a subject as the silver question. It will not take a position upon anything, lest it should offend some element or section.

It does not know what to put in its platform, but it is perfectly safe to predict that it will not take issue squarely with the Republican party upon the tariff or upon any question of consequence, and that the platform it adopts will be a washed-out imitation of the Republican programme, disguised as much as possible with Democratic clap-trap. In fact the Democracy has so long ceased to have a policy of its own, and has been so long fighting for nothing but the spoils, that it is increasingly difficult for it even to simulate serious excuses for its existence. Having practically accepted the Republican principles by copying them into its platform, it ought logically to have adjourned *sine die*, but it seems doomed to live on only that it may show the country how incapable it is of assimilating the doctrines it has been forced to cease resisting.

In fact it has such a notorious dearth of issues that public attention cannot be diverted from those facts in its career which it has the least desire to display. In this absence of issues, the lawlessness of its Southern procedure acquires an unpleasant prominence, and contrasts painfully with the platitudes of its machine-made platform. And between the actual facts of the Southern situation and the conspicuous pretence of a policy at the North, the Nation is in a fair way to be convincingly impressed that the Democratic party is too feeble to devise a real programme of its own; too incapable to criticize the Republican programme successfully; and not possessed of sufficient recuperative virtue to cure its old vices, even though it be perishing of famine, and would give what it is pleased to call its soul for return to power.

FRIENDLY ADVICE TO A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN.

It is to be hoped that the Cardiff giant that has just made his debut in Canada will profit by the fate of his predecessor who first saw the light in Onondaga County, in this State. The last named giant's passion for public life proved his ruin. While he remained quietly on the farm that furnished the pit from which he was dug, all went prosperously with him—at 10 cents a head, liberal disports to Sunday-schools attending in a body. But no sooner did he start out upon a stargazing tour than the scientists of the country fell foul of him. In the Canadian giant's case the feelings of his nature utter disregard of the facts of his life. He is a contemner of the world, and he is a man of a contagious Syracuse marble vray. For a time the Pride of Onondaga scorned to notice such imputations, and his friends indignantly claimed that he was being cruelly misjudged—that, so far from being an impostor, he was a thoroughly reputable giant. At last a day came when even his most ardent admirers fell away before the fierce white light of obloquy that beat upon him from every intelligent quarter. After that his decline and fall were rapid. For a time he was one of the attractions of the side show of a circus, then he descended to a Bowery museum. When last heard from he was a common vagrant, lying in a freight shed somewhere in the South, with none so poor as to do him reverence enough to hold the \$25 freight charges for him to be held.

The Canadian giant ought to ponder upon these things before he decides to embark upon a public career. If the accounts of him that have been telegraphed are trustworthy, he has a fine future before him, provided he steers clear of mistakes. He is said to be by far the most winning petrifaction that was ever unearthed in Ontario. "The figure measures seven feet four and a half inches," we are told, "and is almost perfect in form. Parts of the body are white and the rest are of a dark grayish color." This is promising; but, alas, the earlier giant was also seven feet something; he also was almost perfect in form and of assorted shades. We do not state this to cast a gloom over the novice, but merely to caution him against setting too much store by mere personal attractions. Of his immediate popularity all over Canada there can be little doubt. Disgusted with the stories of bribe-givers and bribe-takers with which their newspapers have been filled of late, we can well believe that the Canadian people will find a positive relief in withdrawing their thoughts from weak human nature and fixing them upon an imposing and as yet unimpeached petrification. They are in the mood to take kindly to a truly petrifying petrifaction.

If our Ontario friend finally decides upon a public career, we have another suggestion to place at his disposal. Let him make no engagements to appear in the United States this year. It is a Presidential year, and a Presidential year always brings more or less petrifications to the surface. Having only just begun to dig up the giant may not be aware that the Democracy is actually talking of digging up the petrification known as "the old ticket," and parading it through the country in the fall. Should they conclude to do so, what chance would a Canadian petrification have of securing any portion of the patronage to which they would cater?

The exports of grain from India for 1883 completed were 34,000,000 bushels, against 24,239,789 in 1882, an increase of 9,760,211 bushels, or 40½ per cent. The artificial prices so long held in this country by combinations of speculators, though broken at last by a severe decline, have injured American producers by marketing India and other producing countries to market their surplus, while our own large surplus has been carried along at large ex-

pense and heavy loss to holders. European markets, having been supplied with wheat from India and elsewhere, are not in condition to demand as much wheat from this country as they did in former years. Thus we have to enter upon the labor of a new crop year with the prospect that the pressure of an enormous surplus carried over will prevent farmers from getting a fair return. And meanwhile consumers abroad have been educated to rely upon other sources for cheaper wheat than we can send them.

The Syracuse Courier, although a dyed-in-the-wool Democratic newspaper, brings a serious charge against the Flower boom. It asserts that "a literary bureau is constantly working for Roswell P. Flower for President." We look to see Mr. Flower hurl back this charge and demonstrate by affidavits that his boom is due to a spontaneous and irresistible uprising of the intelligent Democratic masses. At all events, Mr. Flower has the floor.

This is a queer world. A Mr. Buck came to this city from Canada a few days ago, put up at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and had the city placarded with posters announcing himself as the Messenger of God. A day or two ago he sent for a reporter and forcibly caused himself to be "interviewed," predicting that the world would come to an end yesterday (Friday). Mr. Buck is evidently crazy, and some one should take an interest in him.

A glance at the official directory of the New-York Methodist Episcopal Conference, which will meet in this city next week, discloses the fact that one of its members was cursed at christening with the name of Ananias. Now this would be a highly appropriate baptismal appellation for a good many Democratic statesmen we have heard of, but that a member in good standing of one of our great Methodist Conferences should be willing to carry such a stamp through life is entirely extraordinary. Whoever named him must have been in a similar frame of mind to that of the worthy but somewhat unenlightened mother who selected Boelzebub as a Christian name for her offspring, because, as she said, it was in the Bible, and must be all right.

The official statement that last year there were over 400 cases of trichinosis, with 66 deaths, in Erlsleben, in Prussian Saxony, all caused by the flesh of a single hog, eaten raw, is a pretty commentary on the German fears of American pork. Trichinosis has been especially common in Saxony. It is strange that it should occur anywhere when the one sure precaution is to cook the pork thoroughly. If the Saxons will indulge in the cannibal-like habit of eating raw pork, they must take the consequences. The two per cent of infection which our Government Commission found in American pork is an exceedingly poor excuse for excluding our meats. When the system of inspection proposed in the Senate is once in working order, even that poor pretext will be taken away.

The miners in the Pittsburgh region appear hard to please. They were said to have agreed unanimously to a settlement as to wages, in a mass meeting near West Elizabeth on Wednesday. But half of all the miners in the first pool went on strike yesterday. Some refused to work for 34 cents, and some of the operators, on the other hand, refused to pay that rate. It is intimated, probably with truth, that there is a general disposition to have a strike anyway, if for no other reason, in order to diminish the production. This seems the natural sequence of the combination to raise the cost of coke to consumers. If the people who make coke into coke can enjoy monopoly, the other people who take the coke out of the ground have at least the same rights. But the effect of all these performances on the manufacturing interests in the Pittsburgh district will be visible a little later.

TALKS ABOUT TOWN.

CHIEF ENGINEER MELVILLE'S RELIGION. Henry C. Ellis—Have you seen Melville's Siberian relay from New-York? I met Lieutenant Schuetz in the Postmaster's office, No. 29 Broadway, on February 4, 1882, just as he was starting to join Harber in London to go to the Lena for the bodies of De Long and his associates. I gave him a bottle of brandy and a bottle of whiskey for his own use, and a bottle of whiskey for my old shipmate and friend, George Melville. After he and Harber left Иркутск on Monday, March 20, I watched THE TURNER closely, for I knew it was giving the best information on the Jeannette matter, until I observed that Schuetz and Harber had passed Melville between Иркутск and Yakutsk, without seeing him. I was told that for my health, Schuetz and Harber returned to the Frisco on February 20. Judge of my surprise when I received this note from Melville a few days ago: "I am in receipt of the bottle of whiskey you sent to me to Siberia by Schuetz, who, true to his trust, delivered the bottle with the original whiskey to me aboard the Frisco upon his return home." Schuetz carried that bottle 6,000 miles by sea, over 11,000 miles on the sledge journey, and about 4,500 miles by rail in order to give it to Melville.

CABLE RAILROADS. Constant A. Andrews, vice-president National Cable Railway Company.—We are the owners of the Halldale patents for cable railways and are authorized by law not only to grant licenses under these patents but also to build cable roads and operate them in any part of the United States. Our system is the one in use in San Francisco and Chicago. The value of cable railroad stock in San Francisco and Chicago is the value of the shares of five different railroads have troubled in value since they began operating. The opposition to the work of the Rapid Transit Commission which has recently developed in Albany has been instigated by the horse-car companies. It may delay but it will not prevent the final triumph of cable traction. We have every advantage in the score of convenience, utility and economy. The item of horse-shoes alone costs the horse railroads more than all the fuel consumed in operating the same lines by the cable system. Real-estate owners in New-York will do well to study the effect of the introduction of the cable routes in Chicago and San Francisco. It has not failed to enhance the value of the streets through which they have been run. It ought to be possible to convey a passenger to any part of this city for five cents.

IRVING'S AND BOOTH'S PROPOSALS.

William A. McConnell, manager Henry's Brooklyn Theatre.—While it is true that Henry Irving plays a great deal more money in a week than Edwin Booth, there is no doubt that Mr. Booth pockets more of the profits. He gets one-half of the gross receipts from Brooks & Dickson, and they and the local managers have to content with the other half. Mr. Booth's share in Brooklyn, for two weeks, was nearly \$60,000, sure; no day's story in this city. Why is it that Mr. Booth is in Brooklyn, for two weeks, nearly \$116,000, and took for his share \$58,000. No, you need not allow the usual discount on managers' statements; certainly not as big a discount as you give Jim Collier. But while Irving will play probably to \$15,000 this week here, he has to pay seventy people out of that, and they are all high-priced people, too. His individual share will be less than Booth's after his expenses are deducted. What is the story when Irving will play to \$15,000 here, and to \$80,000 for his four weeks in New-York?

AFTER TWENTY-THREE YEARS.

Policeman N. B. Abbot, Jr., Nineteenth Precinct.—I have many pleasant memories in connection with my service as private in the 133d New-York Volunteers during the Rebellion, but none more agreeable than a surprise to me on Sunday last. A manly lady called at my house and said that she had spent a great deal of time in hunting for me, as she wanted to see me before returning to Pittsburg. It was only necessary to look at her face to recognize her. She was Mrs. Martha Douglas, of the good Samaritan nurse who saved my life when I was sick with typhoid fever at Fort Monroe in 1862. She was one of the volunteer nurses who cared for the soldiers, without pay. She could not fight on the battle-field, but she was none the less brave in fighting disease. I told you I rejoiced to grasp the hand of one of the brave women of the Rebellion.

A FAMOUS COMEDIAN'S VACATION.

William Warren, comedian, of Boston.—I have been enjoying myself in the West and South for the past few months and shall go to Boston the last of this week. I was with Jefferson for some time in Louisiana, where he has a plantation of 10,000 acres, south of New-Orleans. He is a shining and patient, and is in excellent health. He is surrounded by a colony of children and grandchildren, you know, and leads a pleasant life. Some of us went to Florida, where many Southern people are passing the winter. I didn't see Washington, but was further up the river. The weather was delightful—birds singing and the grass as green as in June. There was one fellow who was disappointed, however. "There are too many old people here," he said. "They are going home in 'boxes.'"

Tool, Bateman and Booth." I saw him much after that at the club, in New-York and in Chicago, where the hospitality of the people is too much for him. He is an excellent actor and manager. We can't get such supporting companies in this country as he has. He is a young man makes a hit of it goes starring. He is not going to write any reminiscences of the stage; an actor's one thing and a literary man's another.

PERSONAL.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—Secretary Teller has gone to New-York. The Misses Longfellow, daughters of the late poet, will return to this country from England in July.

Mr. William T. Adams, the author, is suffering from eye-troubles which make necessary his confinement in a dark room.

Having completed his course of lectures in Boston, Mr. Joseph Cook has gone to the West to fill engagements which will keep him busy until June.

Mr. Irving is not only a great actor and dramatic manager, but also an enthusiastic and successful angler, and it is said that he owes much of his success to those quiet days on the trout stream when the study of Shakespeare and the killing of trout alternately occupied his attention.

Le Chevalier Francois Pangeard d'Opdoo, of Brussels, Belgium, who is at the Victoria, is a cousin of the Belgian Minister at Washington. He is in this country to introduce a perpetual motion clock, the operation of which is by a small windmill in the draft of a chimney, acting as a motor to keep any ordinary clock wound up.

Prince Bismarck looked well when he entered the Parliament to defend his action in the matter of the Lasker resolutions. His voice was strong, his form upright, his step elastic, and his eyes bright as ever. His face was hairless save for a military mustache and his shaggy eyebrows, all white as snow, and he wore his favorite uniform of the Seventh Cuirassiers, and his favorite decoration, the Iron Cross.

Bishop W. E. McLaren, of the Episcopal Diocese of Chicago, was formerly a reporter on THE CLEVELAND Plaindealer, and afterward on the old Gazette at Pittsburg. He studied theology under Presbyterians in which city he made the change to the Episcopal Church. Three years of coadjutorship with a bishop. He is a man of fine literary ability, and tastes, and was a great favorite with his old associates on the press.

NEW-HAVEN, March 28.—Professor Cyrus Northrop, of Yale College, who was offered the presidency of the Minnesota State University, and has been in Minneapolis the past two weeks examining their situation, has returned here.

A FREE TRADER'S CHOICE.

A CONSUMER OPPOSES A CHANGE OF TARIFF.

WOOLLEN CLOTHES FOR AN ARMY OF 13,000,000. To the Editor of THE TRIBUNE. Sir: I hear our so-called Representatives at Washington saying, "The consumer wants cheaper goods." Very true, but what do they mean? Goods cheaper here than elsewhere, or cheaper now than before? Do they mean cheaper in dollars, no matter what the dollars may be worth, or cheaper in days' labor, no matter whether the laborer starves, or cheaper in the long run, and all elements of cost considered? This last is what the consumer wants. He does not care what other people pay for goods, and so is not anxious to get them cheaper than anybody in France or in China. He does not care what his grandfather paid for goods, and so is not distressed about the price last year or the year before. If a measure will bring him goods cheaper than he could get them otherwise, it helps the consumer. Cheaper, too, then other elements of cost, for consumers here do not think it wise to get goods at half price, in consequence they have to pay three times as much in poor-rates as some of our English cousins do.

I have shown that some industries have been built up behind defensive duties, which have made goods cheaper not merely for us but for all the world. It is a beautiful law—we may reverently say, divinely beautiful—that our honest labor, in producing goods for our own needs, tends to cheapen like products for all humanity. At times, in spite of that tendency elsewhere, the goods can be made still cheaper here, so that we can and do export a part. There is one can